

Mrs Hodge

*French's Acting Edition No. 1688*

SNOWED-UP WITH  
A DUCHESS

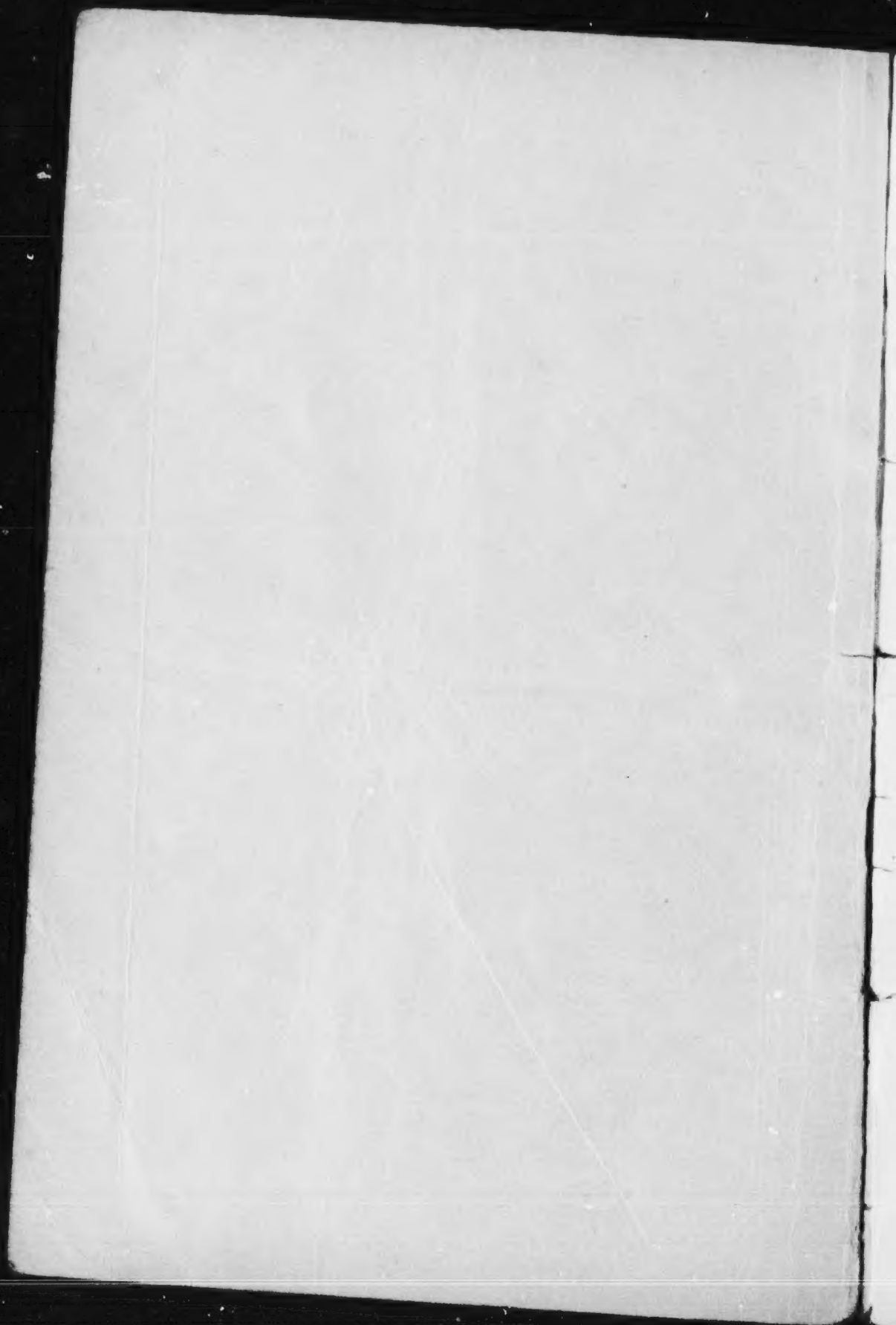
A Comedietta in One Act

by

C. A. CASTELL

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DUCHESS

A Comedietta

BY  
C. A. CASTELL

SAMUEL FRENCH LIMITED  
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MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY  
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# SNOWED-UP WITH A DUCHESS.

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## Characters.

THE DUCHESS OF SALTERTON.

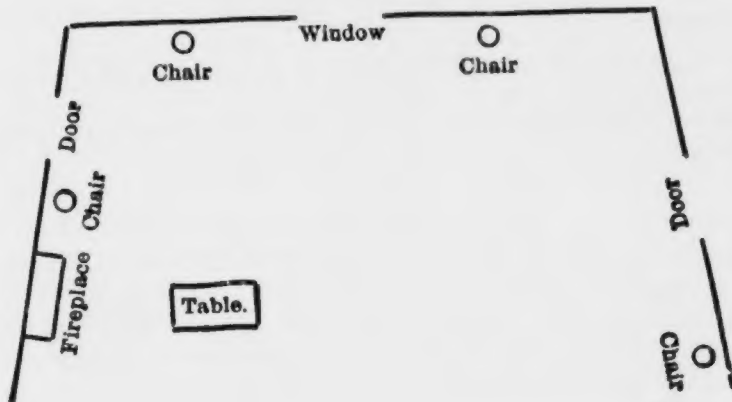
MADAME VALUE.

MRS. CHOLMONDELEY-JONES.

MRS. HODGE.

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## Plan of Stage.



Pr

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## SNOWED-UP WITH A DUCHESS.

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SCENE.—*The interior of Mrs. Hodge's cottage. A winter day. Door, down L. to road. Door, up R., to inner room. Fireplace, with lighted fire, down R. Wooden arm-chair by fire and small table R. C. Two windsor chairs against wall. Window C. On walls, illuminated texts of the resigned melancholy order.*

✶ (MRS. HODGE is discovered at window, C., with broom in her hand.)

MRS. H. Dear life! What a storm to be sure! I do 'ope 'Odge beant out in it or I know what 'twill mean—more screwmatics an' another three week at 'ome. (*Sweeping.*) Parson says when we grumbles at the weather we grumbles at 'Eaven, but a body 'asn't much time to think of 'Eaven when 'Odge be a 'ome with the screwmatics. I shan't 'ave the face to go up to 'er ladyship again. . . . (*Knock heard L.*) Mercy me! what's that? As like as not 'Odge 'as broke 'is neck an' they're abringin' 'im 'ome a corp on a shutter. (*Renewed knocking.*) (*going to door L.*) We is but as. . . . (*opening it.*) Why! your ladyship!

(*Enter DUCHESS L.*)

DUCHESS. Such an accident, Mrs. Hodge. It's lucky you're at home. (*calling back.*) Come in, Madame Value.

X MRS. H. Lor', ma'am, you give me such a start. I made sure it were 'Odge. . . . .

(Enter MADAME VALUE, *folding umbrella*.)

MADAME V. Ah! the storm is terrible!

DUCHESS. (*crossing to fire*). How nice to see a fire!

X MRS. H. (*dusting chairs*). No one ain't killed, ma'am, I 'ope?

DUCHESS. (*laughing*). Not quite so bad as that. The coachman drove the carriage into a ditch, that's all. He's gone to get help and I thought perhaps you would let us wait here.

X MRS. H. It's a mercy it didn't 'appen on the moor, or you might 'a bin froze to death like them poor things fifteen year ago. . . . .

MADAME V. Ah! but it is horrible to think.

DUCHESS. Don't think of it then. After all, we are safe. Mrs. Hodge is always pessimistic.

X MRS. H. (*mournfully*). All flesh is grass.

DUCHESS. Well, at the present moment I'm not at all sure that I wouldn't rather be cast into the oven than into the snow. Come, cheer up, Mrs. Hodge. Go and get us some tea, there's a kind soul.

X MRS. H. (*shaking her head sadly as she goes*). Yes, ma'am.

DUCHESS. And do you think you could find something for us to put on whilst our clothes are drying. We're soaked to the skin.

X MRS. H. You can 'ave my Sunday dress an' welcome, ma'am, but this lady (*dubiously*). . . . .

MADAME V. Ah, not for me, I could not.

X MRS. H. We're not the same build.

DUCHESS. You had much better. You'll catch a frightful cold.

MADAME V. Jamais, jamais, I could not.



DUCHESS. Well, I shall.

X MRS. H. I'll get the things for your ladyship, (*going*) an' I only 'ope it won't be too late.

(*Exit MRS. HODGE R., shaking her head.*)

DUCHESS. Poor Mrs. Hodge. She simply revels in affliction.

MADAME V. These English peasants, they are melancholy people.

DUCHESS. Now, Madame Value, I won't have you run down the English, even though I am Irish myself. Besides, (*slily*) even the French have their peculiarities—confess, you would rather die than wear clothes that are not made for you.

MADAME V. But, madame, figure to yourself, me in the clothes of this peasant. I should die of mortification. For you it is different. You are a great lady—you have the air to carry anything.

DUCHESS. (*courtesying*). Merci, Madame.

MADAME V. But I—I am only a modiste, a dressmaker. It is my business that I dress well or people would laugh and wink their eyes and say "She is a fromp." Ah, non, c'est impossible.

DUCHESS. Then I wish it weren't, for I feel responsible.

MADAME V. It is a pleasure to serve madame—to make dress for so charming a lady.

DUCHESS. (*laughing*). And even be thrown out of her carriage?

MADAME V. Ah, but it is few ladies who would give me the chance—who would come to meet me at the station in their own carriage. Your grace has done me great honor.

DUCHESS. Nonsense! I happened to be in the village, so thought I would give myself the

pleasure of a long chat with you all about frocks and frills.

MADAME V. But it was good.

DUCHESS. I never dreamt what the end would be. (*going to window*) What a storm. After all we are better off than some. . . (*thoughtfully*)

MADAME V. Ah, madame is so kind-hearted, she is ever thinking of the poor.

DUCHESS. And who would not, this bitter wintry weather? Do you know, I sometimes think (*turning*) a mistake was made about me. . .

MADAME V. I do not understand.

DUCHESS. (*coming forward*) The wrong soul was put into my body. I ought to have been one of these peasants, as you call them. All their interests are mine. At times I hate my life.

MADAME V. Madame is depressed, she should do as I.

DUCHESS. And what is that?

MADAME V. Sometimes it seem to me that all is wrong, and I am sad. Then I say to myself, "No? all is right. It is myself who make the mistake." Then I smile once more.

DUCHESS. I wish that I could be as philosophical.

MADAME V. Perhaps I look on my leetle 'usband and am filled with distaste—with ennui—that I, I whose tastes are all for the great and beautiful, should have married one so small and ugly. But, *que voulez-vous*, if I had not married him, I might have found one even more leetle—even more snobnosed, who can tell? So I make the best of him, and when I find myself becoming what you call downspirited, I figure to myself that he is beautiful. Sometimes he is dark with piercing eyes—sometimes he is blond with curling hair; but always is he grand, always is he beautiful.

DUCHESS. Poor Monsieur Value!

MADAME V. And so I have not one 'usband but many 'usbands, and not one of them is leetle—not one of them is snobnosed.

DUCHESS. It doesn't sound quite proper, but perhaps your method is best.

MADAME V. Assuredly! We all have our 'obbies. There is Madame 'Odge. For her all is black. You say that she is 'appy. Weil! she do not look so. For you, your 'obby is to help the poor, what you call the unemployed, is that not so? You do not see the good you do, only what is left undone and your tender 'eart is torn. You are sad though you try to look 'appy. But for me, my 'obby is the romance and regardez, I am 'appy though I do not conceal it so well as Madame 'Odge. Which is the best, I ask you?

DUCHESS. Madame Value, you're a treasure.

MADAM V. Ah, no! I am only an old dress-maker who can say. . . .

(Enter MRS. HODGE R.)

\* MRS. H. The clothes are ready, ma'am, I've done my best.

MADAME V. Yes, I think I can say that.

DUCHESS (to MRS. H.) Then I'll put them on at once whilst you're getting tea. (*She is going R. when she looks at MADAME VALUE and laughs.*)

MADAME V. Why do you laugh?

DUCHESS (at door R.) I was only wondering what Monsieur Value would say if he knew he had so many rivals (*imitating*) all of them grand—all of them beautiful. (Exit DUCHESS, R.)

MADAME V. Ah! madame, do not let the cat out of the basket. (Exit MADAME VALUE, R., laughing.)

X MRS. H. (*placing tray on table*). I don't 'old with furrineers an' their secrets. I 'ope 'er ladyship won't listen to them. (*Placing kettle on fire*.) Sooner or later they're bound to boil over as sure as my name's H'Ann 'Odge, an' I'd be real sorry for any 'arm to come to 'er ladyship. But there, we is but as water that is spilt upon the ground—drat the kettle—an' must bear our troubles with becomin' meekness. (*Setting table*.) If great folks will ride about with their dressmakers they must expect to catch their death of cold. If I was a duchess I wouldn't 'ave people call me "ma'am" for all the world as though I was only a parson's lady. They should say their grace to me or I'd know the reason why. 'Er ladyship says she's a "soshlist" whatever that may be, but right's right even if she was a Baptist. (*Loud knocking at door L.*) Ah! I thought they wouldn't be long a tarryin'. (*More knocking.*) (*going to door.*) Poor 'Odge! 'e's bin a good 'usband.' (*She opens door.*)

*Enter MRS. CHOLMONDELEY-JONES L.)*

MRS. C-J. (*speaking back*.) Now be quick! and please send someone who has got some sense! (*to MRS. H.*) My good woman, I want to wait here out of the storm. My motor car has broken down.

+ MRS. H. Praise be to goodness! I thought for sure it was an accident. . . . . .

MRS. C-J. (*irritably*). Well you don't suppose it would be done on purpose, do you?

X MRS. H. Oh! ma'am, you don't know 'Odge. 'E's that obstinate when 'e gets an idea into 'is 'ead. But come in an' welcome. Is there any more outside?

MRS. C-J. Only my husband—and he's got to

go and get help. Well! it will teach me a lesson. Never again will I trust *him* to drive me. Have you got a husband?

X MRS. H. Yes, ma'am, unless (*with resignation*) it 'as pleased 'eaven to call 'im away with a broken neck.

MRS. C-J. Then take my advice. Never let him pretend to be a chauffeur.

+ MRS. H. No, ma'am, I won't. 'E once pretended 'e were a rabbit, but I soon knocked that out of 'im an' 'e 'asn't touched a drop since.

MRS. C-J. I see you're just going to have tea. (*going to table.*) Could you let me have some? (*with dignity.*) I'm Mrs. Cholmondeley-Jones of Felspar Court.

+ MRS. H. Well, ma'am, I were just getting it for 'er Grace.

MRS. C-J. For whom?

X MRS. H. The Duchess.

MRS. C-J. What! The Duchess of Salterton? Is *she* here?

X MRS. H. Yes, ma'am, but not so loud please. She don't like to be called that 'ere (*mysteriously.*) She says she'll be a plain lady while she can, so we just calls 'er ma'am.

MRS. C-J. I see—incognito.

+ MRS. H. No, ma'am. In the village.

MRS. C-J. (*toying with the teapot.*) I mean she drops the title.

X MRS. H. (*hurriedly.*) Yes, ma'am, just like you'll be dropping that teapot, (*taking it from her*) the 'andle's only seccotined.

MRS. C-J. But what is she is doing here?

+ MRS. H. 'Er carriage broke down. Even the mightiest in the land are not safe from the chastenings of affliction.

MRS. C-J. What a glorious chance! Snowed-up with a duchess. If I only can get her to call

upon me, those other stuck-up nonentities will come tumbling over each other. I'd give my right hand. . . .

X MRS. H. (*mournfully*). If you'll give an eye to the kettle, ma'am, I'll go and fetch another cup. It's as sure to boil over while I'm gone as the sparks fly upward. (*going*.)

MRS. C-J. (*nervously*). One moment—you don't think she'll mind? Is she good-natured?

X MRS. H. Good-natured? Why, ma'am, she's a h'angel. . . . or as near one as we poor mortals can be. One thing's very certain she'll be a h'angel some day if them what aren't English are allowed to be angels.

MRS. C-J. English? Isn't she English?

X MRS. H. Why no, ma'am, didn't you know— she's. . . . .

DUCHESS. (*outside*.) Mrs. Hodge.

X MRS. H. Mercy me! Yes, ma'am. (*to* MRS. C-J.) You'll see it don't boil over, won't you, ma'am?

(*Exit* MRS. HODGE, R.)

MRS. C-J. A duchess! A real live duchess! And she can't get away. Let me see, how shall I start the conversation? Ah, of course she's a philanthropist. It was only this morning Alexander was speaking of the fund she is raising for the unemployed. The very thing! (*acting*.) May I offer your grace a trifle for your fund? . . . . . No, that won't do—she's incognito. Perhaps it would be better not to let her see I know who she is. I must lead the conversation round. "So sad to think of all those poor men tramping round in search of work. Could you tell me where I should send my mite? I thought perhaps a hundred pounds. . . . . oh, not at all, we give a thousand or so in charity every year. One hun-

dred more or less cannot matter. . . . . To you? Really, you surprise me. The Duchess of Salterton who is so well known for her philanthropy? How strange! I am Mrs. Cholmondeley-Jones. We've taken Felspar Court, you know! . . . . . You are *most* kind. I shall be *delighted* to see you. We only moved in last month so we have not made the acquaintance of the best people yet." Oh, (*in natural manner*) I could almost *kiss* Alexander for tipping me out of that motor.

(*Enter MADAME VALUE, R.*)

MADAME V. No it is impossible, I could never bring myself to put on such things.

MRS. C-J. (*rising.*) Ah, here 'she is. Decidedly foreign.

MADAME V. (*advancing.*) Madame 'Odge said there was another lady equally unfortunate. You are she?

MRS. C-J. I am sorry to hear that your Gr—I mean that your carriage has met with an accident.

MADAME V. You too have been upspilt?

MRS. C-J. Yes, but I am more than recompensed by meeting you.

MADAME V. Madame is kind.

MRS. C-J. It was all owing to the carelessness of my husband, Alexander Cholmondeley-Jones, Esquire of Felspar Court. . . . (*she looks at her expectantly.*)

MADAME V. (*puzzled.*) Ah, Jones?

MRS. C-J. *Cholmondeley-Jones.*

MADAME V. I see. Ze name is distinguished.

MRS. C-J. (*proudly.*) I believe so.

MADAME V. Distinguished from plain Jones, is that so?



MRS. C-J. Oh dear, no, nothing to do with it. I trust your accident was not owing to *your* husband.

MADAME V. (*laughing.*) My 'usband! Ah, no, my leetle 'usband he were not there.

MRS. C-J. I suppose he has so many engagements.

MADAME V. Mais oui. He have other fishes to cook.

MRS. C-J. It's strange we should meet here, isn't it?

MADAME V. (*puzzled.*) But why?

MRS. C-J. You see I live at Felspar Court.

MADAME V. (*still puzzled.*) I do not know it, this Felspar Court.

MRS. C-J. Really? It's quite near, only three miles off. But I'm afraid our predecessors *were* rather impossible people. Probably you never came across them. Let me see, what *was* the creature's name? Rubble or Stubble or something equally absurd. But then he made his money in quite a common way, I believe—something retail.

MADAME V. (*politely.*) He was in business.

MRS. C-J. (*loftily.*) Oh dear, no. Trade. But perhaps I am prejudiced. You see I never had anything to do with business until I married Alexander. All *my* people were professional. Of course you have heard of my cousin Sir Blower Blast?

MADAME V. Not a whisper.

MRS. C-J. Really? I am surprised. He's a most eminent man. We are especially proud of him because my father paid almost entirely for his education. My father was a clergyman, you know.

MADAME V. (*stifling a yawn.*) I did not. (*going to window.*) I think the snow have ceased.



MRS. C-J. (*following her*). So you see we are quite different from those Rubble people. I do hope we shall see something of each other.

MADAME V. If I can do anything for madame I shall be charmed

MRS. C-J. Oh! that is good of you.

MADAME V. Perhaps I have been recommended?

MRS. C-J. Recommended?

MADAME V. But yes; Madame seems to know who I am.

MRS. C-J. Well; to be candid I do, and I have been just longing to make your acquaintance.

MADAME V. I do not understand. My address is well known.

MRS. C-J. But I could hardly come first, could I?

MADAME V. Mais oui! Why not?

MRS. C-J. I see you don't understand our English customs. It is out of the question. But now that we have made each other's acquaintance I hope you'll soon pay me a visit.

MADAME V. You understand I do not as a rule do such a thing.

MRS. C-J. Of course I quite appreciate the honour.

MADAME V. Ah! Madame flatters. . . . . but of course if she particularly wish. . . . .

MRS. C-J. (*persuasively*). The first time. Afterwards I will come to you as often as you like. By the way I have heard of your hobby. . . . .

MADAME V. (*blankly*). 'Obby!

MRS. C-J. Yes! and I do so want to talk to you about it. . .

MADAME V. 'Obby! Ah! then she have told you! (*embarrassed*). It was wrong—it was unkind of her!

MRS. C-J. Why should you mind? It does you great credit.

MADAME V. You do not think I am what you call bread and butter sentimental?

MRS. J-C. What an idea! When one thinks of all those poor creatures. . . . .

MADAME V. Eh? (*puzzled*).

MRS. C-J. Men of every description. . . . .

MADAME V. But yes—all sorts and sizes, but all beautiful.

MRS. C-J. Well! hardly that, do you think?

MADAME V. Ah! perhaps I use the wrong word?

MRS. C-J. Yes! you mean worthy! Beautiful in spirit.

MADAME V. That is right! They are in spirit.

MRS. C-J. Without food or drink. . . . .

MADAME V. Ah, Madame! that does not matter.

MRS. C-J. Not matter?

MADAME V. Why no! my leetle 'usband, he eat enough for them all.

MRS. C-J. (*puzzled*), But that's not quite the same thing, is it?

MADAME V. It is much better. While for drink! Mon dieu! How he do drink! I should not like to imagine they all drink as he.

MRS. C-J. (*aside*). I had no idea the Duke was that sort of a man. (*to MADAME V.*) Still it is most distressing to think that some of the poor things are even without proper clothes.

MADAME V. (*scandalised, stiffly*). Madame misunderstands—I imagine the clothes.

MRS. C-J. What do you mean?

MADAME V. (*tapping her forehead*). They are all here.

MRS. C-J. That hardly seems the best place for them, does it?

(Enter MRS. HODGE, R., carrying tray).

MADAME V. I do not think we talk of the same people.

✕ MRS. H. (to MADAME V). May I 'ave a word with you, ma'am?

(MRS. C-J. goes to window and turns her back.)

Would you be so kind as to go and 'elp 'er ladyship. I'm all of a tremble like a h'autumn leaf when I thinks what 'Odge will look like if 'e falls on 'is face.

MADAME V. Assuredly! (going R.) I think this Mrs. Jones is a little bit off a ze top-knot.

(Exit MADAME VALUE, R.)

(MRS. HODGE places cup and saucer, and plate of bread and butter on table. She takes kettle and makes tea.)

MRS. C-J. (coming forward). What's that cup for? There are two here already?

✕ MRS. H. But there are three of you, ma'am.

MRS. C-J. Three?

✕ MRS. H. To be sure! The Duchess an' you an' the dressmaker.

MRS. C-J. (mystified). Dressmaker?

(Enter DUCHESS, R. She is wearing MRS. HODGE'S Sunday gown. MRS. HODGE is busy with tea-pot and does not see her.)

MRS. C-J. (superciliously). Oh! I see.

DUCHESS. I'm just dying for tea. (to MRS. C-J.) I'm sorry to hear you, too, have met with an accident. MRS. HODGE is quite overwhelmed with visitors.

MRS. C-J. (*aside, turning away*). The assurance of the creature! (*She bows stiffly to DUCHESS.*)

\* MRS. H. (*to DUCHESS*). The tea is quite ready ma'am.

MRS. C-J. (*stiffly*). Thank you! I'll wait for the other lady.

DUCHESS (*going to table*). Don't let us turn you out, Mrs. Hodge. Won't you have some tea?

+ MRS. H. No, thank you ma'am, it ain't for the likes of me to pass my time in feasting. The scullery tap's froze as like as not an' I must thaw it with fastin' and a candle before it busts. (*Exit MRS. HODGE, R.*)

DUCHESS (*busying herself with the teapot and not noticing MRS. C-J.'s aloofness*). I believe Mrs. Hodge would take sandwiches to heaven to guard against possible starvation. Won't you have some tea?

MRS. C-J. No thanks. I'd rather wait.

DUCHESS. I hear that you have taken Felspar Court? (*pouring out tea for herself*).

MRS. C-J. (*frigidly*). Yes.

DUCHESS. I have been intending to call and ask if you would help me. . . .

MRS. C-J. Pray do not trouble (*aside*). Wants my custom I suppose.

DUCHESS. This is a very poor district.

MRS. C-J. Indeed?

DUCHESS. And there is so much distress this winter.

MRS. C-J. It is only incompetence that can't make a living.

DUCHESS. There is such a thing as being out of work.

MRS. C-J. I'm very sorry, but I get all my things in London. I'm rather particular.

MRS. C-J. Still I thought you might perhaps

like to give me something. Your predecessors were so very liberal.

MRS. C-J. No doubt! They seem to have been very peculiar in many ways. We haven't any money to waste in indiscriminate charity.

DUCHESS (*aside*). What a very disagreeable woman! (*to MRS. C-J.*) Then it is of no use my calling?

MRS. C-J. Not the slightest—unless you care to see the servants.

DUCHESS. That is scarcely the class to which I wish to appeal.

MRS. C-J. And then you complain of poverty? The people who are most likely to help you are not good enough.

DUCHESS. I didn't say they were not good enough—on the contrary my experience is that the poor are always ready to help each other. (*Indignantly*) Surely you wouldn't be outdone by your own servants?

MRS. C-J. (*superciliously*). You evidently have a very exalted idea of your powers.

DUCHESS. No, indeed! but I try to do my best for the poor creatures who rely upon me.

MRS. C-J. Indeed? Well I must really decline to be one of them, especially as I conclude your present costume is a specimen of your handiwork.

DUCHESS. What *do* you mean?

MRS. C-J. That I prefer Bond Street. But it's no use discussing the matter. I really don't see my way to allowing you to make my dresses.

DUCHESS (*realising the position*). Oh! I see you take me for . . .

(*Enter MADAME VALUE, R.*)

MADAME V. (*laughing*). Cette triste Madame

'Odge, she looks like Patience on a monument—but she does not smile.

MRS. C-J. (*rising fussily*). Won't your Grace come and sit by the fire?

DUCHESS (*also rising*). Yes! do . . . your Grace.

MADAME V. I do not understand. Why do you call me that? (*puzzled*).

MRS. C-J. (*mysteriously*). Oh! I'm so sorry! I forgot. Let's have tea.

(MADAME V. and MRS. C-J. sit at table, the latter with her back to DUCHESS who retires L., meekly, and sits with downcast eyes.)

MADAME V. (*to DUCHESS*). Will not Madame come to the fire?

DUCHESS (*meekly*). No thank you, your Grace.

MRS. C-J. (*to MADAME V.*) Hush! you don't know what she is.

MADAME V. (*puzzled*). I do not know what she do.

MRS. C-J. No, but I do. The woman of the house told me. I've no doubt she would rather you thought she was someone else.

MADAME V. Ah! that is her goodness.

MRS. C-J. Is it? I should call it by another name.

DUCHESS (*humbly crossing to table*). May I have some bread and butter?

MADAME V. (*astonished*). Mais oui! What has come over?

DUCHESS. I thought perhaps Mrs. . . . Jones might object. (*to MRS. C-J.*) May I? just a little piece?

MRS. C-J. (*turning her back*) Impertinent! (*to MADAME V.*) So you will come and visit me?

MADAME V. Certainly! since you wish it so much, as soon as . . . .

(DUCHESS *drops saucer.*)

MRS. C-J. Clumsy! (*to MADAME V.*) And then we can talk things over.

MADAME V. But Madame understands if she puts herself into my hands she must do just as I tell her. I must have *carte blanche*. . . .

MRS. C-J. Of course.

MADAME V. For my credit's sake.

MRS. C-J. I see! you wish to choose my acquaintances. . . .

MADAME V. Ah, no! not your acquaintances—your costumes. . . .

MRS. C-J. Costumes?

MADAME V. An' your 'ats. You will pardon me, but I do not like that 'at (*indicating the one that MRS. C-J. is wearing*).

MRS. C-J. (*nettled*). Really? It comes straight from Paris.

MADAME V. Doubtless it would be charming for some—but when a lady is no longer in her first youth. . . .

MRS. C-J. The milliner assured me it was most becoming.

MADAME V. (*smiling*). Ah, madame! *Que voulez-vous?* She 'ad a 'at to sell and she sell it.

MRS. C-J. (*huffily*). Really.

(*Loud double knock at door L.*)

DUCHESS. Ah! that must be the carriage (*rising and placing her cup on the table.*)

MRS. C-J. (*rising*). Surely Alexander is not back already.



(Enter MRS. HODGE, R.)

\* MRS. H. Is it the feet of the young men. . . .  
 DUCHESS (*going to door L. and opening it*). No!

only the knuckles of the old one (*speaking off*).  
 All right, James, we are quite ready. Thank you  
 for tea, Mrs. Hodge, I'll send round for my things  
 to-morrow morning and Preston shall bring some-  
 thing for your husband's rheumatism.

\* MRS. H. Thank your ladyship kindly. I only  
 hope 'e'll be spared to use it.

DUCHESS. Come along, Madame Value. We  
 wont inflict our company on this . . er . . lady  
 any longer. (*Exit DUCHESS L.*)

MADAME V. (*to MRS. C-J.*). Goodbye, madame,  
 and when you want me, a letter to my place of  
 business will find me (*to MRS. H.*). And thank  
 you Madame 'Odge for your 'ospitality. (*Exit*  
 MADAME VALUE, L.)

MRS. C-J. (*who has been looking on in astonish-  
 ment, down R.*). What does it all mean? Isn't  
 the lady who has just gone out the Duchess of  
 Salterton?

\* MRS. H. Lor' bless you, no, ma'am! You've  
 got 'old of the cow by the wrong tail. That's  
 Madame Valoo, the great London dressmaker.  
 T'other lady's 'Er Grace (*closing door*).

MRS. C-J. (*excitedly*). But you said she wasn't  
 English.

\* MRS. H. (*returning C.*) No more she ain't,  
 ma'am. She's Irish.

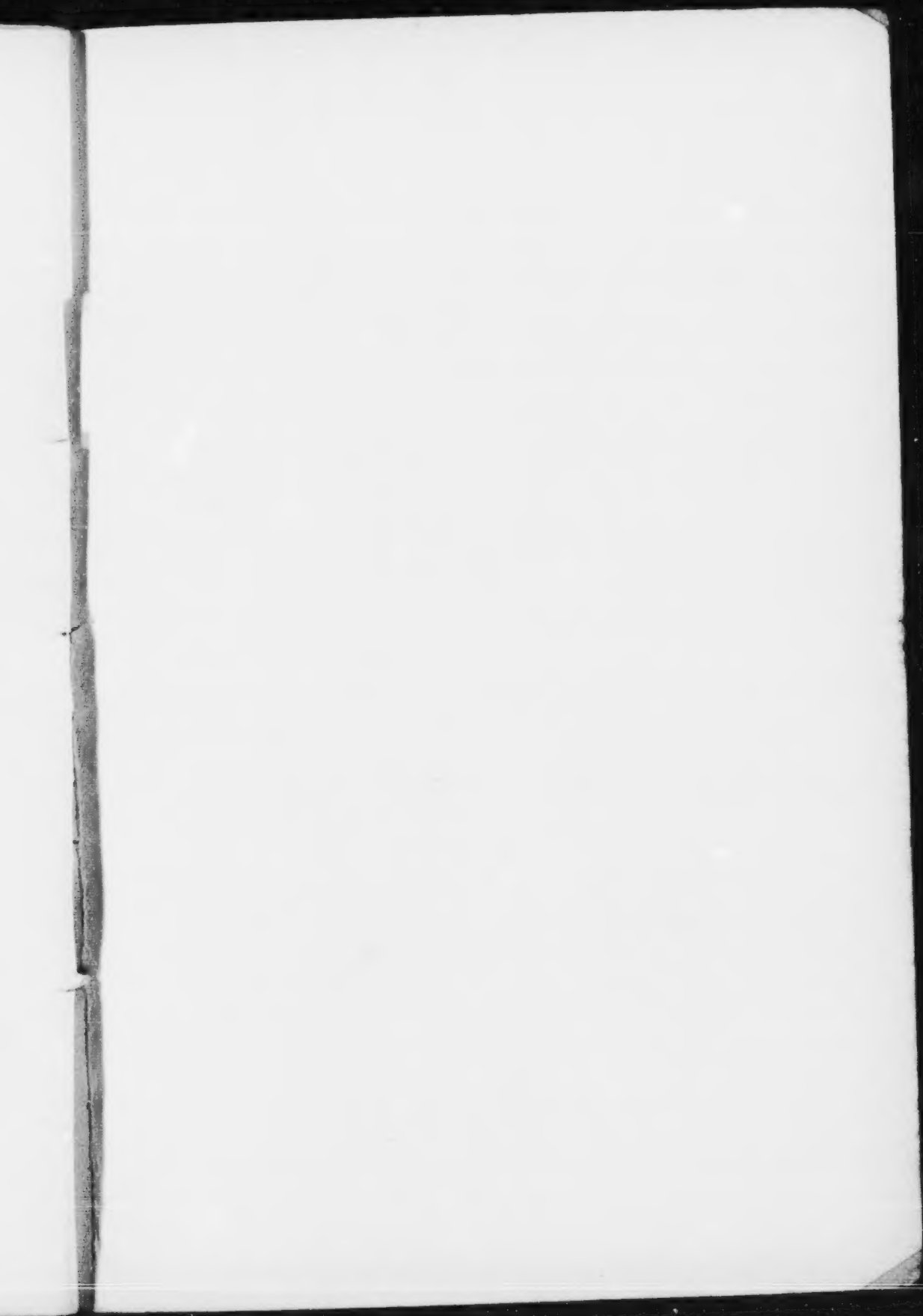
MRS. C-J. (*crossing hurriedly*). Oh! I must  
 stop her.

\* MRS. H. It's no use now, ma'am. She's gone.

MRS. C-J. (*wringing her hands*). Gone! Gone!  
 and I told her not to call. (*She sinks into a chair.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.





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